

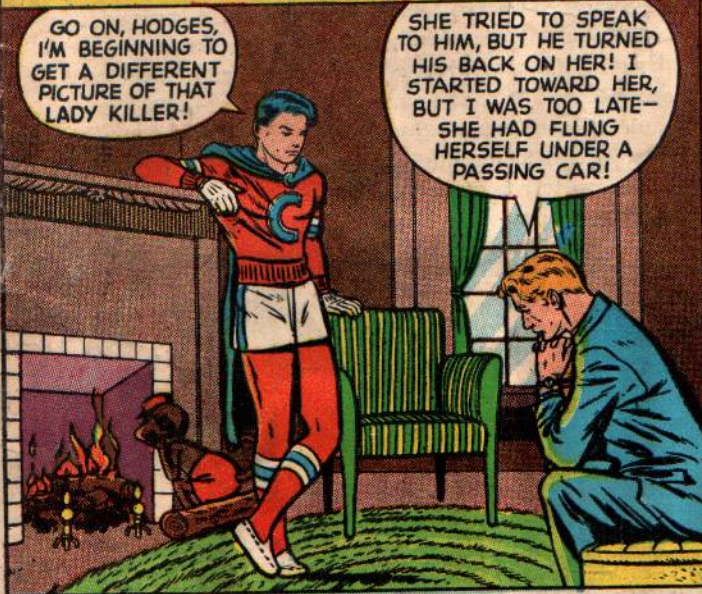
# BOY COMICS

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FEB.  
NO. 38

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



**CRIMEBUSTER**  
in **2**  
**COMPLETE FEATURE-LENGTH STORIES**

BEST! COLLOSSAL! SENSATIONAL! STUPENDOUS! TOPS!

**ROMANO**  
IS  
ONE  
AIN

another **DON ROMANO HIT!**  
DON'T MISS **the RA**  
THIS WEEK MONDAY

**LUCILLE! DON'T!!**

DON, THAT GIRL WANTED TO TALK TO YOU! WHY DID YOU TELL HER YOU WERE IN A HURRY? WE HAVE LOTS OF TIME BEFORE THE SHOW STARTS!

DO YOU THINK I HAVE NOTHING TO DO BUT HUMOR EVERY DIZZY DAME THAT HAS A CRUSH ON ME?





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

*Amazing Ever Popular Scene-in-Action*

# Forest Fire Lamp

Copyright 1946 by Rapide Specialties Co.

## is Back Again



**MOTION**  
**REALISTIC COLORS**  
**EXCITING**

...So real it defies ready detection.

...Only technicolor rivals the beauty of moving flames sweeping thru a pine forest.

...Makes everyone who sees it gasp with wonder.

Here's the most attractive lamp ever created. A gorgeous scenic table lamp that actually shows a pine forest being swept by moving flames. Has so much action and color you just won't be able to take your eyes off it. So realistic you can almost hear the crackling of the burning pines. But you will actually have to see this spectacular patented lamp in your own home to really appreciate it. That's why we are making this generous trial offer.

### NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

ALSO AVAILABLE...

Imagine a lamp that portrays Niagara Falls in all its scenic splendor. Will bring back those romantic memories of your honeymoon days.

COMPLETE WITH PLUG AND CORD  
Improved model is back... 8 inches high  
with a circumference of 17 inches. Base and  
top made of sturdy plastic.

Same Price  
As Before  
the War!

# \$4.95

**EXTRA**  
AT NO EXTRA  
COST

## Send for LAMP ON APPROVAL!

**TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK**

Fill in coupon and mail today. Send no money. When your gorgeous Forest Fire Lamp arrives just deposit \$4.95 plus postage through postman. Show it to your family and friends. Use it yourself in your home for ten days at our risk. Then if you aren't so delighted with your bargain that you won't want to give it up for all the world, return it and get your money back. **DON'T WAIT, BUT WRITE TODAY!**

...If you act now you will receive absolutely without extra cost as a reward for promptness, a marvelous WONDER LEAF. So startling, so beautiful that it causes comment wherever seen. You simply pin the WONDER LEAF to your curtain, it lives on air alone and grows unique, amazing plants. So act now. Take advantage of this sensational offer now it may be withdrawn at any time

**PIN AMAZING  
LEAF ON YOUR  
CURTAIN**

WONDER LEAF lives on air alone. Called the "Leaf of Life," this amazing tropical WONDER LEAF grows on air alone, pinned to curtain or wall. Most important, each leaf produces delicate plants which, cut and planted in pots, will grow plants two feet high with brilliant, multi-colored pendulous flowers. **YOU GET THIS at no extra cost when you mail coupon at right.**

Mail this  
10 DAY  
TRIAL  
COUPON

### SCENE-IN-ACTION LAMP COMPANY

Dept F-1517

Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

### SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON

SCENE-IN-ACTION LAMP COMPANY, Dept. F-1517 Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of lamp (or lamps) on guarantee that I may use it 10 full days and return it if not satisfied and get full refund. (Send money with order—Scene-In-Action Lamp Co. will pay postage).

☐ Forest Fire Lamp, \$4.95 ☐ Niagara Falls Lamp, \$4.95

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# ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads  
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles  
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded

[Advertisement]



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 278, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



Men!  
Ladies!

Here's THE JACKET You've Wanted  
At a Sensational Saving!

Ladies'  
Only  
\$3<sup>95</sup>

Special  
Combina-  
tion  
Offer,  
Both for  
Only  
\$7<sup>95</sup>

Men's only \$4<sup>95</sup>

Hurry! Quantities  
Are Limited



You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines... you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear... for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Camel Tan, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort of "Spun-Rite" magically flexible, smartly-tailored and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Harmonizing buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Seamed sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 192-1A  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RITE Jacket indicated below.  
C.O.D. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 30 days for refund.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ PLEASE  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ WRITE  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ PLAINLY

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, \$3.95 Camel Tan Red  
Check color wanted

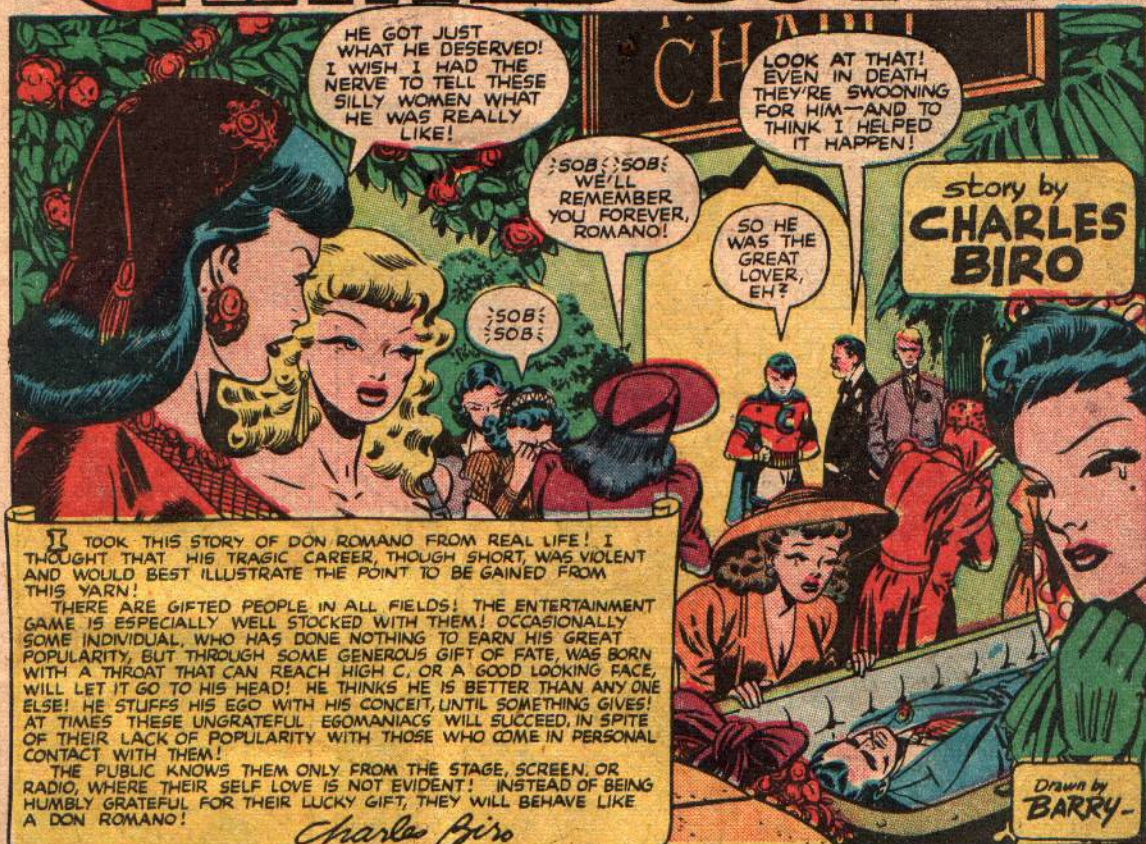
Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's jacket BOTH only \$7.95

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, \$4.95 Camel Tan Luggage Forest Green  
Check color wanted

Check size wanted: LADY'S 12 14 16 18 20  
MAN'S 36 38 40 42 44 46 48 50

MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: \$ C.O.D.

# CRIMEBUSTER







"I'D GONE DOWN TO A VILLAGE NIGHT CLUB TO SEE HOW A YOUNG ACCORDIONIST WAS MAKING OUT IN A NEW SPOT I HAD PLACED HIM IN—IT WAS A CHEAP JOINT!"



"RIGHT AFTER MY ACCORDIONIST'S PERFORMANCE, THE M.C. ANNOUNCED A NEW ACT—A DANCER NAMED DAN RANCHER, NOTHING SENSATIONAL! YOU KNOW, THE USUAL BALLROOM CORN!"



"BUT WHILE HE'S DANCING, I HAPPENED TO LOOK AROUND AND NOTICED THE WAY THE DAMES ARE LOOKIN' AT HIM! THEY CAN'T TAKE THEIR EYES OFF THE GUY!"



"BEFORE HIS ACT WAS OVER, I GOT MY MIND MADE UP! ANY GUY THAT CAN ARREST THE ATTENTION OF THOSE GREENWICH VILLAGE BOHEMIANS (AN' THEY HAD PLENTY OF SCHNOPS IN 'EM) HAS MORE THAN A FAIR AMOUNT OF SEX APPEAL! SO I WENT TO HIS DRESSING ROOM!"



WHAT FOR? I DON'T NEED NO AGENT! I'M DOING OKAY ON MY OWN!

I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY AGENT! I'VE GOT IDEAS! I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION—A GOOD ONE!

"HE FINALLY GAVE GROUND! I GUESS I MUST'VE WORKED ON 'IM FOR A SOLID HOUR, BUT I HAD AN ANGLE THAT I WANTED TO TRY OUT!"

I WANT TO PULL JUST ONE STUNT FOR YOU IN YOUR NEXT ACT! IF IT PUTS YOU OVER BIG, YOU SIGN UP...IF IT DOESN'T CLICK, I'M OUT! THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?

OKAY! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE, BUT I'M NOT MAKING ANY PROMISES!



"SO I BEAT IT DOWN THE BLOCK TO A LITTLE JUNK JEWELRY STORE THAT STAYS OPEN LATE TO CATCH THE TOURIST TRADE!"



GIMME TWENTY BUCKS WORTH OF JUNK JEWELRY! GAUDY STUFF WITH LOTS OF SPARKLE! RINGS, BRACELETS AN' STUFF LIKE THAT!

"THEN, I WENT INTO A LOCAL BEANERY NEXT TO THE NIGHT CLUB AND BORROWED A COUPLE OF WAITRESSES!"



HOW'D YOU GIRLS LIKE TO MAKE YOURSELVES A COUPLE OF EXTRA BUCKS BY HELPIN' ME PULL A PUBLICITY STUNT NEXT DOOR AT THE HI-LIFE CLUB?

TELL US MORE, MISTER!

HOW MANY EXTRA BUCKS?

"BACK AT THE CLUB, I PASSED OUT THE JUNK JEWELRY TO THESE KIDS AND THE GIRLS THAT WORK IN THE JOINT—THE HAT CHECK AN' CIGARETTE GIRLS AND A COUPLE FROM THE CHORUS!"

REMEMBER, GIRLS, WAIT UNTIL HIS ACT IS OVER, AND THEN CUT LOOSE! SPREAD YOURSELVES AROUND, SO YOU CAN COVER THE WHOLE RING SIDE! I WANT LOTS OF SIGHS AN' SWOONIN'! ALL RIGHT NOW, GET YOURSELVES SEATED!



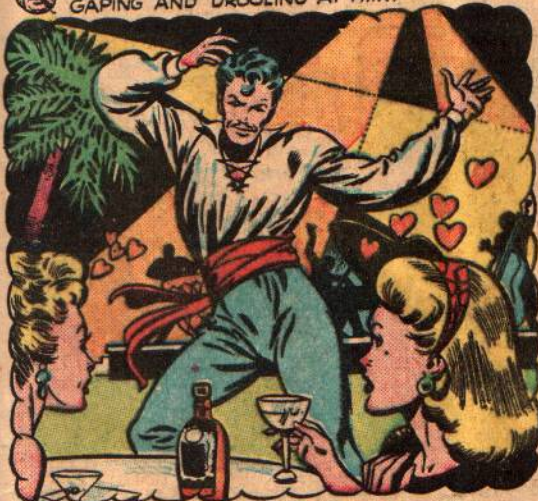
"I DIDN'T LIKE HIS NAME! IT DIDN'T SOUND THEATRICAL ENOUGH! WHEN IT CAME TIME FOR HIS ACT, I TALKED THE MANAGER INTO LETTING ME INTRODUCE HIM! THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE NAME, 'ROMANO'! I GAVE IT TO HIM!"



YOU WILL NOW HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF WITNESSING THE GREATEST DANCING FIND OF ALL TIME... DON ROMANO!



"WHEN HE CAME OUT AND STARTED HIS ROUTINE, I LOOKED OVER THE CROWD! AGAIN I COULD SEE IT—EVERY WOMAN IN THE PLACE WAS GAPING AND DROOLING AT HIM!"



"IT WAS HIS USUAL STUFF, BUT WHEN THE ACT ENDED, PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE!"



"AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT, THE GIRLS'D PLANTED IN THE AUDIENCE STARTED THROWING THE JUNK JEWELRY AND YELLIN' LIKE CRAZY!"



"I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! THE FIRST THING YOU KNEW, ALL THE SNOOTY UPTOWN DOLLS WERE TOSSING IN THEIR JEWELRY, TOO! ONLY THEIRS WASN'T JUNK! I TELL YOU, IT WAS AS IF THEY WERE HYPNOTIZED!"



"BACK IN HIS DRESSING ROOM, ROMANO WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH EXCITEMENT! HE THOUGHT ALL THE JEWELRY WAS REAL! HE STILL DIDN'T KNOW THAT I HAD PLANTED THOSE DAMES!"



"I HAD A BLANK CONTRACT IN MY POCKET, AND ROMANO, FORMERLY DAN RANCHER, AFTER MUCH SQUAWKING, SIGNED IT!"



"AND WHAT A HOLLER HE PUT UP WHEN I TOLD HIM THAT I PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS FOR THE OWNERS OF THE GEMS! I ASKED 'EM TO COME AND CLAIM THEM!"



"BUT WHEN HE SAW THE PUBLICITY THAT STORY DREW, HE WISED UP A LITTLE, ESPECIALLY SINCE NONE OF THE BABES WANTED THEIR JEWELS BACK!"





"FROM THEN ON, ROMANO PACKED THEM IN AT THE HI-LIFE! I MADE THE MANAGER UP ROMANO'S SALARY FROM \$80 TO \$300 A WEEK!"



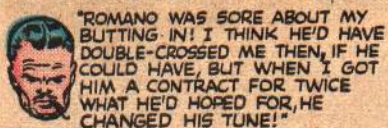
"ONE NIGHT, I SPOTTED JOE SELZ, A BIG HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE WATCHING ROMANO'S ACT!"



"WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE PRODUCER, JOE SELZ, DISAPPEARED! RIGHT AWAY I FIGURED HE WAS IN TALKING TO ROMANO, SO I BEAT IT TO HIS DRESSING ROOM TO PROTECT MY INTERESTS!"

COME BACK LATER, BAILEY! I'M BUSY RIGHT NOW!

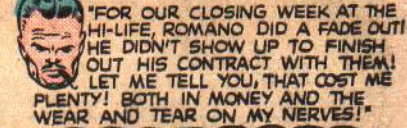
SORRY, KID, BUT YOUR BUSINESS IS MY BUSINESS! LET ME IN!



"ROMANO WAS SORE ABOUT MY BUTTING IN! I THINK HE'D HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME THEN, IF HE COULD HAVE, BUT WHEN I GOT HIM A CONTRACT FOR TWICE WHAT HE'D HOPED FOR, HE CHANGED HIS TUNE!"



"LATER, WE ALL SAT AT SELZ'S TABLE, AND LINDA, SELZ'S WIFE, COULDN'T KEEP HER EYES OFF ROMANO--AND DID HE KNOW IT!"



"FOR OUR CLOSING WEEK AT THE HI-LIFE, ROMANO DID A FADE OUT HE DIDN'T SHOW UP TO FINISH OUT HIS CONTRACT WITH THEM! LET ME TELL YOU, THAT COST ME PLENTY! BOTH IN MONEY AND THE WEAR AND TEAR ON MY NERVES!"



ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, BAILEY? I ADMIT YOUR BOY HAS POSSIBILITIES, BUT HE'S AN UNKNOWN AS FAR AS MOVIES GO! \$2,000 A WEEK, WHY THAT'S...

THE LEAST WE WILL TAKE! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE OFFERED HIM FIFTY A WEEK, IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT STAR!



HE'S A CINCIN TO GO OVER BIG IN HOLLYWOOD, DON'T YOU THINK SO, LINDA?

WH..WHAT? I..I GUESS I WASN'T LISTENING!



I'VE SEARCHED EVERY PLACE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS! LOOK, I'LL PAY YOU A THOUSAND FOR THE WEEK HE'S OUT!

YOU'LL PAY THE SALARY OF A NEW ENTERTAINER, PLUS THE LOSS OF ANY BUSINESS WHICH INCURS BECAUSE OF THAT WEASEL, PLUS THE THOUSAND! OTHERWISE, I'LL START SUIT IMMEDIATELY!



"I SWEATED BLOOD FOR THREE WEEKS, BUT I COULDN'T FIND HIM, AND THE FUNNY PART WAS, SELZ'S WIFE DISAPPEARED, TOO!"

NO, MR. SELZ, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM YET! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, HE'LL BE THERE IN TIME TO MEET HIS CONTRACT! I THINK THE BOY JUST WANTED TO GET AWAY BY HIMSELF FOR A WHILE!

HE'S AS BAD AS MY WIFE! SHE'S GONE OFF ON A REST TRIP! SHE WON'T TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!



"HE CAME BACK THE DAY WE WERE TO LEAVE FOR HOLLYWOOD, AND NEVER A WORD OF APOLOGY OR EXPLANATION!"

OH, SHUT UP! FOR CAT'S SAKE, WHAT'S IT TO YOU WHERE I WAS! I WAS FED UP WITH THAT LOUSY HI-LIFE CLUB, THAT'S ALL, SO SHUT UP!



"AFTER THAT, THOUGH, LINDA AND I NEVER SPOKE! IF THERE WAS ANYTHING BETWEEN THEM, SELZ WAS COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF IT!"

LINDA'S REALLY A WONDERFUL DANCER, DON'T YOU THINK YOU DANCE WITH HER? YOU'D LOOK SO SWELL TOGETHER AND I'M AFRAID I'M A LITTLE OLD FOR THESE RHUMBAS!

I'M SORRY, MR. SELZ, BUT I'M KNOCKED OUT FROM TODAY'S SHOOTING!

"EVERYONE ON THE SET PREDICTED ROMANO'S FIRST PICTURE WOULD GROSS A LOT OF DOUGH! MAYBE SO, BUT I'M ONE THAT BELIEVES A LITTLE EXTRA PUSH NEVER HURTS, SO I DID A LITTLE OF MY OWN PRIVATE PROMOTING!"

"YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE TO DO—A GOOD JOB AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET TICKETS TO EVERY OPENING!"

"SURE THING, MISTER! JUST HAND OVER THE TICKETS!"

"AT THE BIG OPENING, EVERY CELEBRITY AND FIRST NIGHTER WAS THERE! THE PLACE WAS PACKED!"

"THE MINUTE ROMANO'S MUG CAME ON, MY HIRELINGS WENT TO WORK! YOU NEVER HEARD SUCH AN OVATION! THEN, LIKE SHEEP, THE OTHER DAMES JOINED IN!"



"ALL OVER THE THEATER GOOD LOOKING GIRLS FAINTED! OTHERS CALLED OUT TO HIM—SOME EVEN RAN UP AND CLAWED AT THE SCREEN! IT WAS THE BIGGEST DEMONSTRATION YOU'VE EVER SEEN!"

"MY HERO!"

"ROMANO!"

"TRULY THE GREAT LOVER!"

"OO...OO...OH..."



"ROMANO WAS ACCLAIMED THE BIGGEST HIT OF ALL TIME! PAPERS FROM COAST TO COAST CARRIED THE STORY!"

**ROMANO—THE GREAT NEW STAR!**

OPENING NIGHT RIOT SQUAD CALLED!!

★ THE BIGGEST SPECTACLE OF AUDIENCE OVATION ★

ROMANO ADMIRERS STAGE OVATION!

"AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE WALLS OF THE THEATER THE NEXT DAY! IT TOOK WEEKS TO CLEAN OFF ALL THE LIPSTICK AND EYEBROW PENCIL LOVE NOTES TO HIM!"

"I HAD NO TROUBLE AT ALL GETTING ROMANO'S CONTRACT DOUBLED! NO, MY TROUBLE WAS WITH ROMANO—WHAT LITTLE GOOD THERE WAS IN HIM, FAME TOOK CARE OF, AND HE BECAME ALL OUT ROTTEN AND IMPOSSIBLE TO HANDLE!"

"I GET YOU A NEW CONTRACT FOR DOUBLE THE DOUGH—AND WHAT DO YOU DO? YOU DON'T SHOW UP FOR TWO DAYS! YOU'RE GOING TO GET TOSSED OUT ON YOUR EAR!"

"TOSSED OUT? DON'T BE AN IDIOT—THE STUDIO WOULDN'T DARE! MY FANS WON'T LET THEM! AS FOR YOU, WATCH HOW YOU SPEAK TO YOUR BREAD AND BUTTER!"



"NOBODY ON THE SET LIKED THE GUY, AND TALK ABOUT NERVE, HE CAME AND WENT AS HE PLEASED! HE NEVER TOOK DIRECTION WITHOUT A GRIPE OF SOME SORT!"

WELL, WELL, ROMANO, YOU'RE ONLY TWO HOURS LATE THIS TIME! CAN'T YOU GET THIS THROUGH YOUR THICK NUT—WHEN YOU'RE LATE, BESIDES MESSING UP OUR SCHEDULE, THE STUDIO HAS TO PAY A CREW OF FIFTY TO STAND AROUND IDLE!

I'M AN ARTIST, AND A TRUE ARTIST CAN ONLY DO HIS BEST WHEN THE SPIRIT MOVES HIM—NOT WHEN THE CLOCK SAYS SO!

"HIS PERSONAL LIFE WAS FANTASTIC! WOMEN, WOMEN, WOMEN...WHAT THEY SAW IN THAT VAIN SNOB, I'LL NEVER KNOW!"

HELLOO DON!

WHO WAS THAT GIRL, DON? I'M JEALOUS!

OH, SOME LITTLE NOBODY! WHO CARES!

"THEN, SUDDENLY MY COMMISSION CHECKS STOPPED COMING! I WENT TO SEE HIM AT HIS HOUSE!"

"I ASKED HIM ABOUT MY CHECKS FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS!"

YOUR MONEY? YOU'RE FULL OF WIND, BAILEY! I DON'T OWE YOU ANY MONEY! I'M THROUGH GIVING YOU DOUGH! WHY SHOULD I?

WE'VE GOT A CONTRACT—REMEMBER?

"THEN ROMANO PULLED OUT HIS ACE! HE CALLED IN HIS LAWYER, JOHN HODGES!"

MR. ROMANO IS RIGHT! THERE'S NOT A CONTRACT IN THE WORLD THAT'S AIR TIGHT, AND YOURS IS NO EXCEPTION! TRY TAKING IT TO COURT AND I'LL MAKE YOU PAY BACK ROMANO TEN PER CENT OF ALL HE GAVE YOU, PLUS COURT COSTS!

"I WAS SO MAD THAT LIKE A FOOL I SWUNG AND HIT THE NEAREST ONE TO ME! HIS LAWYER TOOK IT STRAIGHT ON THE JAW!"

OF ALL THE DIRTY DEALS, THIS TAKES THE CAKE!

"IT WAS THE WORST THING I COULD HAVE DONE! THEY THREATENED ME WITH AN ASSAULT CHARGE IF I DIDN'T LEAVE HOLLYWOOD! I MADE UP MY MIND I'D FIX ROMANO BEFORE I LEFT! A NEW PICTURE OF HIS WAS OPENING!"

REMEMBER, GIRLS, YOUR ORDERS ARE CHANGED THIS TIME!

OKAY, MR. BAILEY! ONLY, IT MAY CAUSE TROUBLE! HE'S VERY POPULAR!

"ON OPENING NIGHT, THE GIRLS I HIRED BOOED AND RAZZED ROMANO...BUT IT DIDN'T WORK!"

BOO!!

YAAH!! PHOOIE! PHOOIE ON ROMANO!

HE STINKS!

DON'T YOU DARE SAY THAT ABOUT ROMANO!

TAKE THAT BACK, YOU HUSSY!

"I HAD BUILT HIM UP TOO WELL! HE WERE THROWN OUT BY THE ROMANO FANS I HAD MADE FOR HIM!"

THROW 'EM OUT!!

IT'S SACRILEGE TO BOO ROMANO!

THAT'S THE LAST TIME I SAW ROMANO! THE ONLY THING THAT AMAZES ME IS THAT HE DIED ACCIDENTALLY! A GUY THAT STEPPED ON AS MANY TOES AS HE DID, I FIGURED WOULD GET HIMSELF MURDERED!



I'M NOT TOO CERTAIN THAT IT WASN'T MURDER! HE WAS A REGULAR VISITOR TO SUN VALLEY, AND ONE OF THE BEST SKIERS UP THERE! WOULD AN EXPERT SKIER CRACK UP ON SUCH A SIMPLE JUMP?



HEY, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! COULD BE—WELL, I WISH YOU LUCK ON YOUR INVESTIGATION, OF COURSE! BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE WORLD'S A BETTER PLACE WITHOUT HIM!

THANKS, MR. BAILEY! YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT! BUT I WONDER IF YOU COULD SUGGEST ANYONE ELSE THAT MIGHT THROW SOME LIGHT ON ROMANO'S MORE RECENT ACTIVITIES?



WHY NOT TRY HODGES? HE TOOK OVER AS ROMANO'S WET NURSE AFTER HE EASED ME OUT!

NICE FELLOW, THAT ROMANO, EH, SQUEEKS? THE MORE I LEARN ABOUT HIM, THE MORE PROBABLE IT IS THAT HE WAS MURDERED! BUT HOW? WHO? WHY??



THIS IS QUITE A SHACK, HODGES HAS! OH, OH, MAYBE THAT'S HIM! PARDON ME! ARE YOU MR. HODGES?



YES, I AM! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MR. HODGES, MY NAME IS CRUMB—BUSTER! I CAME TO GET SOME INFORMATION ABOUT ROMANO! I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU AND HE WERE CLOSELY ASSOCIATED!



I DOUBT IF I CAN HELP YOU MUCH! WHO TOLD YOU TO LOOK ME UP!

BUCK BAILEY—ROMANO'S OLD MANAGER!



BAILEY, HUH? THEN I GUESS HE TOLD YOU HOW I HELPED ROMANO BREAK HIS CONTRACT! I'VE BEEN SORRY ABOUT THAT EVER SINCE!

"ROMANO GAVE ME A LINE ABOUT BAILEY FORCING HIM INTO THAT DEAL AND I FELL FOR IT! EVEN SO, I GUESS I DESERVED THE BEAT OF A SHINER BAILEY PLANTED ON ME THAT DAY!



HEY, YOU'D BETTER PUT SOME STEAK ON THAT EYE! I NEVER THOUGHT BAILEY'D HAVE THAT MUCH GUTS! NEVER MIND, I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!

I NEVER SAW A GUY GET SO MAD!

"I THOUGHT I HAD A NICE SET-UP WITH ROMANO!"



FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL HANDLE ALL OF MY AFFAIRS FOR ME—MY SALARY AT THE STUDIO SHOULD BE UPPED! YOU'RE MY MISTER FIXIT NOW, SO GET TO WORK!

DON'T PUSH THEM TOO HARD, ROMANO! I CAN SWING IT, BUT LET ME DO IT MY WAY!

"WE BECAME THE BEST OF FRIENDS! HE CAME OVER FOR DINNER ONE NIGHT! I NOTICED HE WAS PAYING A LOT OF ATTENTION TO MY WIFE! I TRIED NOT TO LET IT BOTHER ME!"



LUCILLE, MY DEAR, YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD! WHAT A PITY WE DID NOT MEET YEARS AGO!

OH, DON, DO STOP SAYING SUCH THINGS!

"I KEPT TELLING MYSELF THAT ROMANO WOULDN'T TRY TO STEAL HIS BEST FRIEND'S WIFE! THEN I CAME HOME, ONE DAY..."



LUCILLE! OH, LUCILLE, WHERE ARE YOU??

"...AND SHE WASN'T IN! USUALLY SHE HAD DINNER WAITING FOR ME! I FELT SOMETHING WAS WRONG, AND I WAS RIGHT! ON HER DRESSER WAS A NOTE ADDRESSED TO ME!"



Pear John,  
I am going to Reno to get a divorce, nothing you do or say can stop me. I am madly in love with Don, and must be free to marry him. Please don't feel too bitter.  
Lucille

"I GAVE HER A DIVORCE AND NATURALLY I EXPECTED TO READ THAT THEY HAD MARRIED! AND THEN, ONE DAY I SAW ROMANO WITH ANOTHER GIRL! LUCILLE APPROACHED THEM..."



"SHE TRIED TO SPEAK TO ROMANO AND HE TURNED HIS BACK ON HER! SHE LOOKED STRICKEN!"



DON, MAY I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?

SORRY, LUCILLE, I'M IN A HURRY!

"I STARTED TOWARD HER—REMEMBER, I STILL LOVED LUCILLE BUT BEFORE I COULD REACH HER SHE HAD FLUNG HERSELF IN FRONT OF A PASSING CAR!"



"THE POLICE CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT, BUT I KNEW IT WAS SUICIDE! ROMANO CAME TO HER FUNERAL AND OFFERED ME SYMPATHY! I HAD ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP MY SELF-CONTROL!"



I'M SORRY, JOHN! POOR LUCILLE, SHE WAS TOO LOVELY TO DIE! TOUGH LUCK, OLD MAN!

"I HID MY FEELINGS FROM HIM, BECAUSE I WANTED THE RIGHT KIND OF VENGEANCE! AND MY PATIENCE WAS SOON REWARDED!"



JOHN, THE STUDIO IS SQUAWKING ABOUT SOME SILLY CLAUSE IN MY CONTRACT! GO DOWN AND FIX IT UP, WILL YA?

SURE DON, I'LL FIX IT UP!

"I WENT TO HIS STUDIO, BUT INSTEAD OF STRAIGHTENING OUT HIS TROUBLE, I HELPED THE STUDIO GET RID OF HIM!"



I KNOW YOU'RE FED UP WITH ROMANO! EVEN THOUGH HE HAS A LOT OF FANS—WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I SHOWED YOU HOW YOU COULD BREAK HIS CONTRACT?

THERE'S \$10,000 IN IT FOR YOU, IF YOU CAN! DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

"OH, BABY! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ROMANO'S FACE WHEN HE CAME BUSTING INTO MY OFFICE!"

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF A LAWYER ARE YOU? THE STUDIO BROKE MY CONTRACT—I'M OUT, DO YOU HEAR? OUT!!

THEY DID? NOW HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY COULD'VE DONE THAT? HA, HA, HA! WHY, YOU BIG PHONEY, IT'S HIGH TIME THAT SOMEBODY GAVE YOU A GOING OVER—AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! YOU'VE BEEN BLACK-BALLED IN EVERY STUDIO ON THE COAST!

"THE MOVIE MOGULS DID A THOROUGH JOB ON HIM! NOT A SINGLE STUDIO WOULD HIRE THE RAT!"

WE WOULDN'T TOUCH YOU WITH A TEN-FOOT POLE, ROMANO! NOT OUR STUDIO, OR ANY OTHER! YOU MAY HAVE BUFFALOED THE PUBLIC, BUT NOT THE PEOPLE YOU'VE WORKED WITH!

"I HADN'T HEARD ABOUT HIM FOR A FEW WEEKS! I WAS SURE IT WAS THE END OF ROMANO—BUT I UNDERESTIMATED HIM!"

## Movie Variety

# DON ROMANO ORGANIZES OWN STUDIO

INVITES INVESTORS TO BUY STOCK IN NEWLY ORGANIZED COMPANY

TO TAKE OVER BANKRUPT GMG STUDIOS—IT WILL BE RENAMED "ROMANO MASTERPIECES"

"HE WAS SWAMPED WITH INVESTORS! ROMANO'S FANS EVEN CAME IN PERSON TO BUY STOCK! THE RIOT SQUAD HAD TO BE CALLED IN TO KEEP ORDER!"

PLEASE, LADIES, GET IN LINE—YOU HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN!

I WANT TEN SHARES IN MY DREAM BOY'S COMPANY!

I WANT TWENTY!

I WAS HERE, FIRST!

"HE RAISED MILLIONS, AND WITH IT, HE BOUGHT THE GMG STUDIOS!"

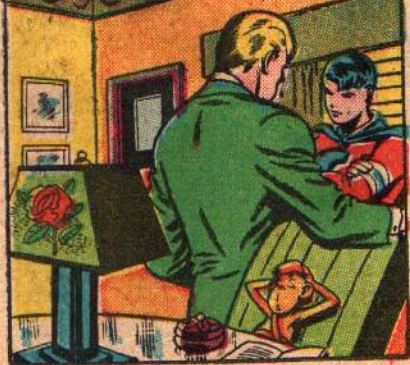
INSTEAD OF KNUCKLING DOWN TO WORK AND PRODUCING AT ONCE, ROMANO CONTINUED TO BE THE PLAYBOY! THE LAST I HEARD WAS THAT IF HE DIDN'T FINISH UP THE PICTURE HE WAS ON BY THE END OF THIS WEEK, HIS STUDIO WOULD GO INTO BANKRUPTCY!

THERE'S A CHANCE THAT ROMANO MAY HAVE BEEN MURDERED! IF IT'S TRUE, IT WAS AN OUTSIDER! IT'S DOUBTFUL THAT ANYONE ON THE SET WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM AT SUCH A CRUCIAL TIME! TOO MANY JOBS WERE AT STAKE!

YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT, HODGES! NOW, JUST ONE THING MORE—YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO ROMANO'S CURRENT FLAME WAS?

I'M SORRY, C.B., BUT THAT WOLF FLEW FROM ONE TO ANOTHER SO FAST, IT'S HARD TO SAY!

I'M COMPLETELY STUMPED! IT'S ANYBODY'S BALL GAME AT THIS POINT! THAT CASANOVA SURE KNEW HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE PEOPLE! I'VE FOUND TWO STRONG SUSPECTS AND LOTS OF MOTIVES, BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T ESTABLISHED THE MURDER!







THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE IN THIS SHOT!



FUNNY—HE DOESN'T SHOW HIS FACE!

YEAH! WHEN YOU THINK HOW HE USUALLY MUGGED THE CAMERA! THIS IS A MEDIUM SHOT—ABOUT THE BEST, I GUESS!



I GUESS HE FIGURED IT WAS SUCH A LONG SHOT, HIS FACE WOULDN'T SHOW, ANYHOW!



THAT'S FUNNY—LOOK AT HIS LEFT ARM! REMEMBER THAT SPOT—I WANT A STILL OF IT!



AND THIS, TOO!



REMEMBER THE HEAD-ON SPOT WHERE HE'S STARTING DOWN THE RUN!

YEAH! DONOVAN SHOT THAT FROM THE NUMBER TWO CAMERA!



YOU'LL GET ME A STILL OF THAT, WON'T YOU? IF YOU BLEW IT UP, SAY, A HUNDRED TIMES, WOULD IT BE CLEAR ENOUGH FOR CLOSE INSPECTION!

SURE THING! WE'LL GET A TERRIFIC CLOSE-UP! THE LENSES ON THESE CAMERAS ARE THE BEST MADE!



HERE YOU ARE, C.B., IT'S STILL WET, SO HANDLE IT GENTLY!



LOOK! HIS EYES ARE CLOSED!!

WELL, I'LL BE... THEY ARE!!



THEN HE DID COMMIT SUICIDE! HE DIDN'T WANT TO SEE THE GROUND COME UP AND MEET HIM! THAT'S WHY HE SHUT HIS EYES!

MAYBE SO, BUT IF YOU ASK ME, ROMANO LOVED HIMSELF TOO MUCH TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE!



MAYBE ALL OF A SUDDEN, HE LOST HIS NERVE—OR MAYBE HE HAD A BAD HANGOVER! HE WAS A RUMMY, YOU KNOW!

NO! I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE ANSWER! IT'S MORE THAN THAT—I MAY HAVE TO ORDER AN AUTOPSY! NOW IT'S GETTING MORE INTERESTING!



SO YOU WANNA TALK TO MR. ROMANO? LOOK, MISTER, ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME? DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS? WHO ARE YOU?

WH... WHY, N... NO! I'VE BEEN SO BUSY! I HAVEN'T HAD TIME! I MUST SEE MR. ROMANO—IT'S URGENT! I'M A DRUGGIST!



I'LL TALK TO THE MAN, OFFICER!

MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU! JUST WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO SEE ROMANO ABOUT?



IT'S A LONG STORY, AND I FEEL TERRIBLY CONCERNED! MAYBE I'D BETTER START FROM THE BEGINNING! MY NAME IS DURKIN, AND I OWN A SMALL PHARMACY IN LAS VEGAS!



"LAST WEDNESDAY, I HAD JUST FINISHED TREATING A BURN ON THE HAND OF A LITTLE GIRL..."

THERE, DENISE, IT FEELS BETTER NOW, DOESN'T IT?

SNIFF! UH-HUH! THANK YOU, MR. DURKIN!



JUST AS THE CHILD LEFT, A WELL-DRESSED MAN RUSHED IN! HE COMPLAINED OF HAVING SOMETHING IN HIS EYES!"

I CAUGHT SOMETHING IN MY EYES! IT HURTS LIKE BLAZES! CAN YOU FIX ME UP, DOCTOR?

SURE THING, MISTER! I'LL BE GLAD TO TRY! COME OVER TO THE WINDOW!



JUST AS I GOT READY TO REMOVE THE IRRITATION! I HEARD A COUPLE OF SHOTS FIRED RIGHT OUTSIDE!"

I KNOW IT HURTS, NOW... WHAT WAS THAT?—SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! MAYBE SOMEONE GOT HURT! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HAPPENED!

WHO CARES? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MAN, FINISH WITH ME, FIRST!

BANG!

"I IGNORED HIM AND RAN OUTSIDE!  
A WOMAN WAS STAGGERING OUT  
OF A GREEN CONVERTIBLE! SHE  
WAS BLEEDING PROFUSELY!"



COME ON, I'LL HELP  
YOU INTO MY DRUG  
STORE! NOW TAKE  
IT EASY, LADY!

I'M DYING!  
OHhhh...  
HELP ME!

"BY THE TIME I GOT HER  
INTO THE STORE, SHE HAD  
FAINTED—THE MAN WAS  
STILL THERE, WAILING TO  
BEAT HECK!"



OW, MY EYES!!  
I WAS HERE,  
FIRST! GET ME  
FIXED UP FIRST,  
WILL YA?

LOOK, MISTER,  
THIS LADY WILL  
BLEED TO DEATH,  
UNLESS I TAKE  
CARE OF HER!  
YOUR EYES  
CAN WAIT!

"ALL THE TIME I WAS  
WORKING TO SAVE THE  
POOR LADY, HE KEPT  
HOLLERING! HE GOT ON  
MY NERVES!"



OH, SHUT UP! GO BACK  
OF THE COUNTER AND  
FIX YOUR OWN EYES!  
YOU'LL FIND BORIC  
ACID AND AN EYE  
CUP OVER THE  
SINK!

"HE WENT TO THE BACK OF MY  
STORE, AND I COULD HEAR HIM  
FUMBLING AROUND! THEN I  
HEARD POLICE SIRENS!"



"JUST BEFORE THE POLICE  
ARRIVED, HE RUSHED OUT  
OF THE STORE!"



HEY, WHERE  
ARE YOU GOING—  
STICK AROUND,  
SO I...

"AFTER THAT, THERE WAS A  
LOT OF CONFUSION—THE  
POLICE, DOCTORS...AN  
AMBULANCE!"



SHE'S  
DEAD!  
THERE WAS  
NOTHING  
MORE I  
COULD DO!  
WHO SHOT  
HER?

I DON'T KNOW! IT COULD  
HAVE BEEN MURDER, OR  
SUICIDE! I FOUND THE  
GUN IN THE CAR!  
ACCORDING TO THE  
REGISTRATION, HER  
NAME IS MRS. ELSIE  
AMES—POOR  
WOMAN!

"WHEN I WAS FINALLY  
ALONE, I STARTED  
STRAIGHTENING UP THE  
SHOP!"



SUCH A PRETTY  
GIRL—WHY WOULD  
SHE WANT TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE?  
WHAT A PITY!

"SUDDENLY, I NOTICED  
THAT THE BORIC ACID  
WAS UNTOUCHED—  
INSTEAD..."

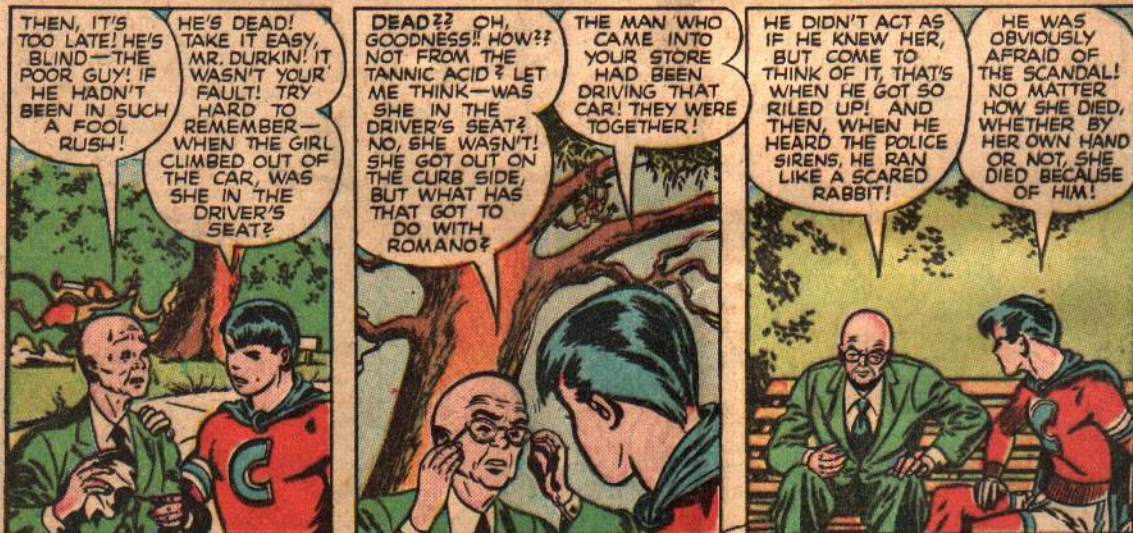


GOOD HEAVENS!!  
HE MUST HAVE  
WASHED HIS EYES  
WITH THE TANNIC  
ACID BY  
MISTAKE!

"I WAS FRANTIC! I RUSHED OUT ON  
THE STREET TO FIND HIM, BUT I KNEW  
IT WAS TOO LATE—HE WAS GONE!"



I'VE GOT TO FIND  
HIM! THAT TANNIC  
ACID WILL BLIND HIM,  
IF HE DOESN'T RINSE  
IT OUT THOROUGHLY,  
AND SOON!



# NO GREATER GLORY!

**I**F THERE WERE OSCARS, MEDALS AND TROPHIES FOR ACHIEVEMENT IN MAGAZINE PUBLISHING, NO PRIZE COULD GIVE US MORE GLORIOUS, EMOTIONAL SATISFACTION THAN THIS SINCERE LETTER FROM A BOY!

Dear Sars,

~~Whean~~  
Whean I was 8 years I wanted to be  
a crook whean I was ~~9~~ 9 I began reading  
Crime Don't Pay. Now I am 10 and I want to  
be a cop whean I grow up. now I ~~h~~ have  
~~found~~ found out what happend to crooks  
so now I ~~am~~ am a good BOY.

Carl James Powell

Box 51/2 512

Junta Gorda, Fla.



**I**F CRIME DOES NOT PAY DOES NO MORE THAN ENTERTAIN, IT FULFILLS ITS OBLIGATION TO ITS READERS, BUT THIS LETTER SCREAMINGLY ATTESTS THAT IT IS OUT TO DO MORE—**AND DOES IT!**

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

**\$2<sup>00</sup>** FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2<sup>00</sup>**

## Dear Reader:

In every issue of BOY COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of BOY COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law, who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society. CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I regret to inform you that I have not received the last copy of BOY COMICS. I may, however, be mistaken in the above statement. I would appreciate your kind attention in the matter. I signed up for your book in January. Since then, I have received three copies of DAREDEVIL and only one of BOY COMICS. CRIME DOES NOT PAY I have been receiving regularly. As long as I am dropping you a few lines, I may as well tell you with deepest regards that your trio of magazines is the best on the market today. Like most older persons, I like a book that is not too fantastic. Your magazines are, in my estimation, the only real down to earth magazines there are. When my little youngster grows up, I shall make it a point that she reads your magazines.

Sincerely, Carl Ochs

2412A N. Fifth St., Milwaukee 12, Wisc.

*Because of the fact that there is a shortage of material, space and personnel, we have had to give the work of fulfilling our subscriptions to an outside organization and, therefore, cannot always keep track of all the subscriptions, to be sure that each is sent a copy of all the books as they come off press. Often mistakes are made or the names are not printed and that is why you missed getting your books. We are making a special effort to be sure this does not happen again.*

I can't agree with Howard Tidy in issue No. 34 about bringing back old stories of CRIME-BUSTER. For some people, who haven't read the old stories this is just fine, but what about your readers who have read most of the old stories? They wouldn't find them as interesting as new ones. They can dig up the old books and read the stories over and still look forward to new stories in the future. I think that your comic book is the best on the newsstand.

A loyal and completely satisfied reader  
Renate Engel, 68 Church St., Hamden, Conn.

*This point is open for discussion. The majority must be served.*

I've never taken so much interest in comics before, but since I started reading BOY, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY, I found out that I really had the wrong notion about comics.

When I read the CRIMEBUSTER stories in No. 35 BOY COMICS, they taught me not to be greedy and hasty. I really appreciate it. Only God knows why I used to hate comics, but you've given me the right ideas and all I can say is "Thank you."

Faithfully yours, Betty Matsuo

P.O. Box 56, Capt. Cook, Kona, Hawaii

*It's regrettable how some people, who have formed early impressions of comic books long ago, will not concede that they have developed and matured into what is probably the most important medium of entertainment on the American scene, and this is no idle talk. 35,000,000 fans keep coming back for more each month.*

I am a knitting class instructor in Hartford, Conn. In my class there are forty girls. During one of my classes, we happened to discuss comic books. In the process, an open vote was suggested and the forty girls voted BOY COMICS as the best published. When I read it, I too was amazed at its contents. Now I never miss an issue.

A loyal reader, Jean Barrett

-60 Cedar Street, Hartford, Conn.

*School was never like that in our day.*

I am the President of the club called The Big Three Comic Club. The three big comics are BOY COMICS, DAREDEVIL and CRIME DOES NOT PAY. After reading each book we stage a play with the book characters and they're all four star. Congratulations on your good work.

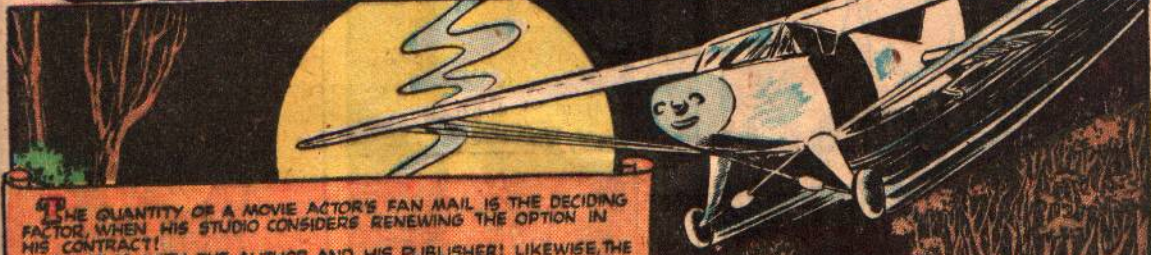
Yours truly, Bobby O'Neill

486 Tenth St., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

*Please reserve two tickets for the next performance.*

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to BOY COMICS, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

# CRIMEBUSTER



THE QUANTITY OF A MOVIE ACTOR'S FAN MAIL IS THE DECIDING FACTOR, WHEN HIS STUDIO CONSIDERS RENEWING THE OPTION IN HIS CONTRACT!

SO IT IS WITH THE AUTHOR AND HIS PUBLISHER! LIKEWISE, THE ONLY BAROMETER A COMIC BOOK ARTIST HAS WITH HIS READERS, IS THE WRITTEN WORD! IT'S THE READERS WHO, IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, DECIDE THE POLICY AND THE NATURE OF THE STORIES IN HIS STRIP! THERE IS NOTHING THAT MANY AN ARTIST WON'T DO, AND THAT GOES FOR ANY MEDIUM, IN ORDER TO IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF HIS WORK! HE KNOWS THAT EVEN IF HIS STUDIO EDITOR, OR ART DIRECTOR, MAY NOT FULLY APPRECIATE HIS EXTRA EFFORT, HIS PUBLIC WILL!

LAST YEAR I HAD, BY CHANCE, WRITTEN A CRIMEBUSTER STORY THAT WAS SET IN AN AVIATION BACKGROUND! IT REQUIRED SOME RESEARCH! KNOWING THAT MOST AMERICAN BOYS WERE WELL INFORMED ON THIS SUBJECT, I WANTED VERY MUCH FOR THE FLYING SEQUENCES IN IT TO BE TECHNICALLY ACCURATE! IT SO TURNED OUT THAT EVEN MY BEST EFFORT FELL FAR SHORT OF PERFECTION! I WAS DELUGED WITH CRITICAL LETTERS! I WASN'T DISCOURAGED, HOWEVER, FOR BETWEEN THE GRIPEES IN THOSE LETTERS, I REALIZED THAT I HAD UNDERESTIMATED AMERICA'S INTEREST IN FLYING!

I HAVE WRITTEN MANY CRIMEBUSTER STORIES ABOUT FLYING SINCE THEN, BUT I HAVEN'T RECEIVED ONE CRITICAL LETTER ON THIS SUBJECT! THE REASON FOR THAT BEING "PRIVATE PILOT CERTIFICATE #11128" RECENTLY ISSUED TO YOURS TRULY! HENCE, ANOTHER FLYING BACKGROUND!

*Charles Biro*



Story by  
**CHARLES BIRO**

WHO SAYS WE'RE NOT A PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL! BOY, O' BOY, THAT'S FOR ME!

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS—IT STILL HAS TO BE APPROVED BY THE P.T.A.!

OH, THAT'S IN THE BAG! THE IDEA COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THIS FAR WITHOUT THEIR OKAY!

## BOARD

### NOTICE

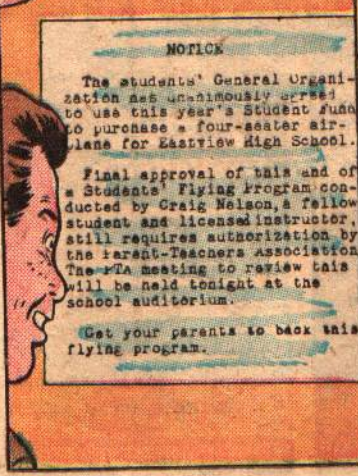
The students' General Organization has unanimously agreed to use this year's Student fund to purchase a four-seater airplane for Eastview High School.

Final approval of this and of a Students' Flying Program conducted by Craig Nelson, a fellow student and licensed instructor, still requires authorization by the Parent-Teachers Association. The P.T.A. meeting to review this will be held tonight at the school auditorium.

Get your parents to back this flying program.

CRAIG, YOU'RE A WIZARD! YOUR IDEA OF HAVING THE STUDENTS PUT UP THE DOUGH FOR THE PLANE WILL BY-PASS ANY FINANCIAL OBJECTIONS THE P.T.A. MIGHT'VE HAD! IT CAN'T MISS!

THANKS, LOU! DID YOU KNOW, THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH IN THE GENERAL ORGANIZATION'S TREASURY TO SWING IT RIGHT NOW!



THE P.T.A. MAY STILL FIND SOME FOOL REASON TO OBJECT, BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT! I HAVE AN INSTRUCTOR'S LICENSE, SO I CAN TEACH THE COURSE FREE! THE ONLY OTHER EXPENSE THEN, WOULD BE FOR GAS AND PLANE INSURANCE—AND THAT WON'T BE MUCH! WE'LL DO ALL OUR OWN REPAIRS!

BOY! IF THEY TURN IT DOWN, THEY OUGHT TO HAVE THEIR HEADS EXAMINED!

WE COULD RAISE OUR OWN FUNDS FOR FUEL AN' THAT STUFF!

GOODNESS! YOU'RE GETTING ALL SLICKED UP, CRAIG! WHAT'S THE BIG OCCASION, A HEAVY DATE?

NOPE—MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT EVEN, MOM! I'M GOING TO SNEAK INTO THE P.T.A. MEETING TO SEE HOW THEY VOTE ON THE FLYING COURSE!

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED FOR US, WILL YOU, MOTHER? THERE ISN'T A KID IN SCHOOL THAT DOESN'T WANT TO SEE THE COURSE OKAYED!

YOU KNOW I'M BEHIND YOU A HUNDRED PER CENT, SON! GOOD LUCK!

OH, THEY CAN'T SAY NO, THEY WON'T SAY NO! THEY CAN'T SAY NO, THEY WON'T SAY NO, THEY CAN'T SAY NO!

HEY, CRAIG, STOP!!

HIYA, DIANA! I'M GOIN' INTO TOWN! WANT A LIFT?

DO I? I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY! I WANT TO GET MY COAT—IT MAY GET COLD!

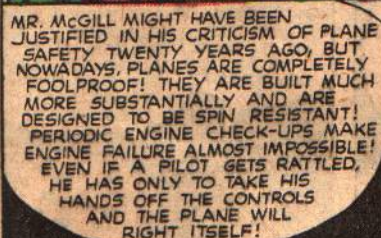
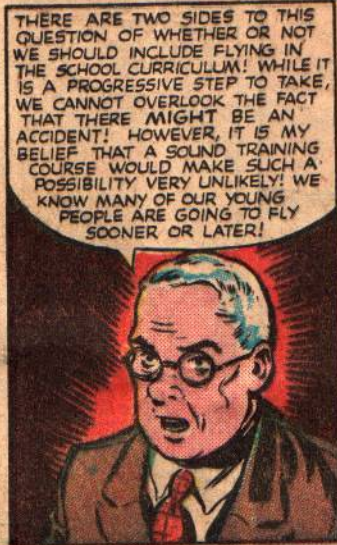
STEP ON IT, DIANA! I WANT TO GET TO THE P.T.A. MEETING BEFORE THEY GET STARTED!

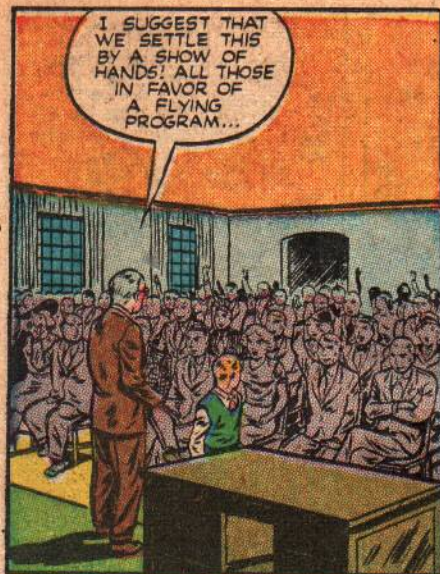
YOU CERTAINLY ARE HEPPED UP ABOUT THE FLYING PROGRAM—NOT THAT I BLAME YOU, BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK THE P.T.A. WILL SEE IT IN THE SAME LIGHT THAT WE DO?

IF THEY DON'T, THEY SHOULD! WE'RE IN AN ERA OF FLYING FOR KEEPS, NOW! BESIDES, LOOK HOW IMPORTANT IT IS IN OTHER WAYS, LIKE RUSHING SERJIM TO SICK PEOPLE AND RESCUE WORK—HOW ABOUT COMING ALONG WITH ME?

SURE, I'D LOVE TO GO IN WITH YOU, BUT WHOA THERE, CRAIG! THAT ROMANTIC ANGLE OF RESCUE WORK IS FINE, BUT HERE IN EASTVIEW THERE WOULDN'T BE MUCH OPPORTUNITY FOR THAT! YOU'D BETTER STICK TO PRACTICAL ARGUMENTS!

I'D LIKE TO THINK OF ALL THE ANGLES, ANYHOW! LET'S HOP INSIDE AND HEAR WHAT THE P.T.A. DECIDES!





Bry Jul. 1948

**YIPPEEE!!**  
ISN'T SHE A BEAUTY? O' BOY, O' BOY, O' BOY!

**HEY! IT'S A FOUR-SEATER! HOT DIGGETY! WE'LL BE GOIN' ON DOUBLE DATES IN THIS SOME DAY! PRRRRRR...**

**HEY, WHERE ARE THE WINGS AND THE PROPELLER?**

**IT HAS TO BE ASSEMBLED, YOU GOOF! THAT'S HOW IT CAME!**

**BOY, DOESN'T THE STADIUM SHELTER MAKE A SWELL HANGAR?**

**HEY, CRAIG, WHAT ARE THESE THINGS FOR?**

**THEY'RE THE WING STRUTS, YOU APE! DON'T BOTHER CRAIG WITH SILLY QUESTIONS!**

**WHEN DOES OUR GROUND SCHOOL START, CRAIG?**

**YOU SURE KNOW ABOUT PLANES INSIDE OUT, CHUM! WHO TAUGHT YOU ALL THAT STUFF? AND HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO GET A PILOT'S LICENSE AT SEVENTEEN?**

**OH... I JUST LEARNED! EXCUSE ME!**

**??? WHY DID HE CLAM UP LIKE THAT? WHAT'S EATIN' THE GUY?**

**YOU SAP! CRAIG'S FATHER WAS AN AIR FORCE CAPTAIN! HE TAUGHT HIM TO FLY WHEN HE WAS STATIONED IN TEXAS!**

**LATER, HIS FATHER WAS SHIPPED OVERSEAS AND GOT SHOT DOWN OVER GERMANY! CRAIG WAS CRAZY ABOUT HIS DAD! HE DOESN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT!**

**OH...H...**

**OKAY! HOLD IT THERE, DIANA! IT'S PERFECT—2400 FEET! IT JUST MEETS THE MINIMUM C.A.A. REQUIREMENT FOR A LANDING STRIP!**

**BUT CRAIG, IT'S NOT NEARLY AS WIDE—WHAT ABOUT THAT? I MEAN, IF THE WIND COMES FROM THE NORTH OR SOUTH?**

**THAT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN ALWAYS LAND OKAY IN A CROSS-WIND! YOU JUST KEEP YOUR WING IN THE WIND DOWN!**

**MOST OF YOUR TAKE OFFS AND LANDINGS ARE GOING TO BE AT THE WEST END OF THE FIELD, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO BE FLYING OVER OUR PROPERTY! I'M AFRAID DAD ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THAT TOO MUCH!**

**I KNOW! BUT THIS IS THE ONLY FIELD I CAN USE! BESIDES, I'LL ONLY BE FLYING WEEK-ENDS—THAT IS, IF THE G.O. WILL LET ME RENT THE PLANE ON WEEK ENDS!**



Boy Feb. 1948





HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT  
PIECE OF DIRTY WORK? WELL,  
FELLOWS, IT LOOKS AS IF  
MY FLYING BUSINESS IS  
ENDED! THE PREVAILING  
WINDS ARE FROM THE  
WEST, WHICH MEANS  
TAKING OFF INTO THOSE  
TREES, AND THAT'S BAD!  
I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN  
ON DAYS WHEN THE  
WIND'S FROM ANOTHER  
QUARTER!

IT'S A LOUSY  
TRICK! THAT  
MCGILL SURE  
IS A MEAN  
CUSTOMER!

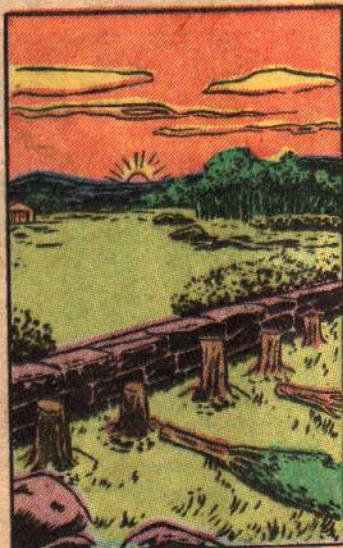
NOBODY  
COULD BE  
THAT ROTTEN!  
OF ALL  
THE DIRTY  
STUNTS!



OLD MAN MCGILL  
NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT  
A LESSON! HE HAS  
NO RIGHT TO WRECK  
CRAIG'S BUSINESS!  
I'VE GOT A SCHEME!  
TONIGHT, AFTER  
DARK...

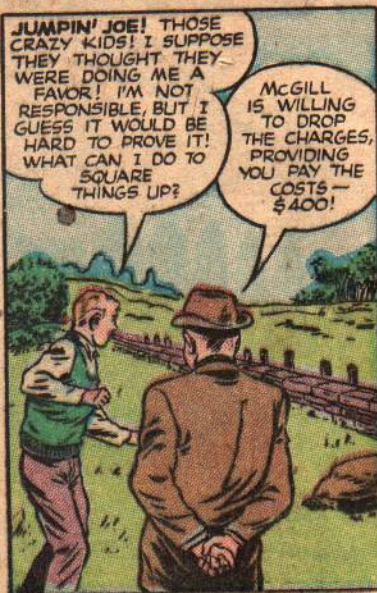


QUIET! REMEMBER,  
ONE SOUND AND  
OLD SOURPUSS WILL  
BE OUT WITH A  
SHOT GUN, AND I'M  
ALLERGIC TO  
BUCK SHOT!



CRAIG! I'M HERE ON  
OFFICIAL BUSINESS! MCGILL'S  
JUST SIGNED A WARRANT,  
CHARGING YOU WITH CUTTING  
DOWN TREES ON HIS  
PROPERTY! WHAT  
HAVE YOU GOT  
TO SAY FOR  
YOURSELF?

TREES?  
I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN,  
SHERIFF?



JUMPIN' JOE! THOSE  
CRAZY KIDS! I SUPPOSE  
THEY THOUGHT THEY  
WERE DOING ME A  
FAVOR! I'M NOT  
RESPONSIBLE, BUT I  
GUESS IT WOULD BE  
HARD TO PROVE IT!  
WHAT CAN I DO TO  
SQUARE  
THINGS UP?

MCGILL  
IS WILLING  
TO DROP  
THE CHARGES,  
PROVIDING  
YOU PAY THE  
COSTS —  
\$400!



FOUR HUNDRED BUCKS!!  
WOW!! THAT CLEANS ME  
OUT OF ALL THE FLYING  
MONEY I'VE EARNED  
THIS FALL! I GUESS  
I HAVE NO  
CHOICE! WAIT  
A SEC AND  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
MY CHECK!

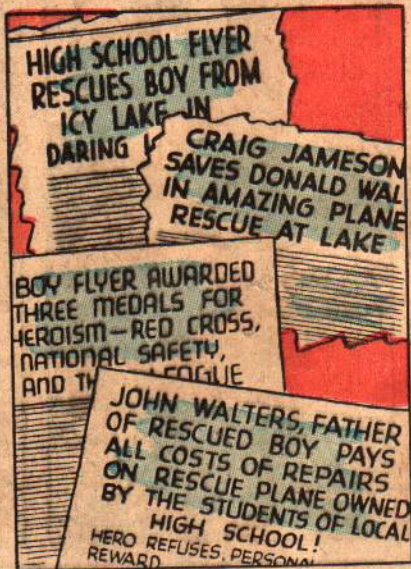
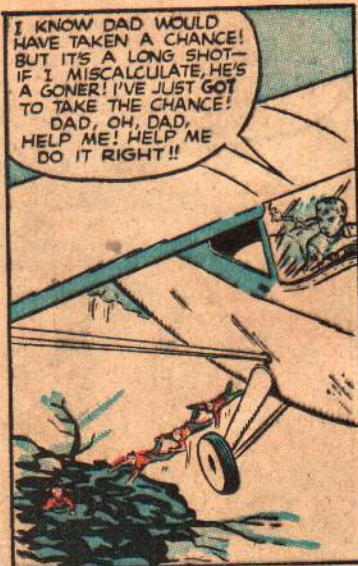
IT'S TOUGH,  
KID! MCGILL'S  
A LOUSE TO  
HAVE PUT UP  
THOSE TREES  
IN THE FIRST  
PLACE! BUT HE'S  
WITHIN HIS  
RIGHTS!



MORE  
TREES!

UH-UH! DAD TOOK THE  
MONEY YOU PAID HIM, TO  
BUY MORE, AND THIS TIME  
HE'S PUTTING EIGHT-FOOT  
STEEL GUARDS AROUND  
THE TRUNKS! I'M  
AWFULLY SORRY,  
CRAIG! I TRIED TO  
TALK HIM OUT  
OF IT!











I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR LOYALTY TO YOUR FATHER, MISS MCGILL, BUT IF IT WASN'T HE THAT SHOT AT THE PLANE, WHO WOULD BE YOUR GUESS?

OH, DEAR, I DON'T KNOW! MOTHER AND I DIDN'T GET HOME UNTIL AFTER IT HAPPENED, BUT DAD SAID HE DIDN'T DO IT, AND I BELIEVE HIM!

THAT OF COURSE, IS TO BE EXPECTED FROM HIS DAUGHTER! HOW ABOUT YOU, CRAIG, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

GEE, CRIMEBUSTER, I'M ALL MIXED UP! THE SHOT HAD TO COME FROM MCGILL'S PLACE, BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE WITHIN RIFLE RANGE! ON THE OTHER HAND, I KNOW MR. MCGILL PRETTY WELL, AND EVEN THOUGH HE HATES PLANES...



...HE ISN'T THE SORT TO LIE! I MEAN, HE'S THE TYPE WHO'D FACE THE MUSIC FOR WHATEVER HE DID! HE'S STUBBORN AND MEAN AND ORNERY, BUT HE IS HONEST!

UHM...WELL, IT LOOKS BAD FOR HIM! IF I DIG UP ANYTHING NEW, I'LL LET YOU KNOW!



FINGERPRINTS ON THE GUN? WE DIDN'T EVEN CHECK FOR 'EM, C.B.! IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE, SO WHY BOTHER? IF YOU WANT TO DO IT, GO AHEAD! I WAS THE ONLY ONE TO HANDLE THE GUN SINCE MCGILL'S ARREST!

THAT MAKES IT TOUGH! I HOPE YOU DIDN'T SMEAR WHATEVER PRINTS WERE ON IT! LET ME SEE THE GUN, WILL YOU, PLEASE?



I SEE THREE SETS OF PRINTS! I'D LIKE A COPY OF YOURS, SHERIFF—AND HAVE YOU A SET OF MCGILL'S ON FILE?

SURE THING! I'LL GIVE 'EM TO YOU RIGHT AWAY!



THESE ARE YOURS, ALL RIGHT, AND THESE OTHERS ARE MCGILL'S. THE THIRD SET SEEMS TO BE SUPERIMPOSED OVER MCGILL'S EXCEPT FOR ONE CLEAR THUMB PRINT ON THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN!

THAT'S ODD! I WONDER WHO THEY COULD BELONG TO?



THINK HARD, DIANA! WHO ELSE KNEW WHERE YOUR FATHER KEPT HIS GUN—SOMEONE OTHER THAN YOU AND YOUR MOTHER?

NO ONE! THAT IS, NO ONE BUT UNCLE DAN—AND HE DOESN'T COUNT... I MEAN... HE'S DAD'S AND MOTHER'S OLDEST AND BEST FRIEND!



EVEN SO, I'D LIKE YOU TO GET ME A COPY OF HIS FINGERPRINTS! IF YOU DO IT AS I TELL YOU, HE'LL NEVER KNOW—THAT IS, IF YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT HIS FEELINGS! DOES HE VISIT YOU OFTEN?

OH, YES! HE'S PRACTICALLY ONE OF THE FAMILY, AND SINCE ALL THIS HAPPENED, HE'S BEEN HAVING SUPPER WITH US, NEARLY EVERY NIGHT!



GOODNESS! YOUR GLASS IS EMPTY, UNCLE DAN! DO LET ME GET YOU A FRESH DRINK!

WHY, THANK YOU, DIANA!



HE NEVER SUSPECTED THAT I SWITCHED! CRIMEBUSTER SAID TO WRAP IT IN A SOFT NAPKIN!

IF THESE ARE YOUR UNCLE'S PRINTS ON THE GLASS, THEY'RE THE SAME AS THE THIRD SET ON THE GUN! DIANA, I'M AFRAID HE'S OUR MAN!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S POSSIBLE—BUT WHAT REASON HAD HE? HOW DID HE GET INTO THE HOUSE TO GET THE GUN?

SEE THAT CORNER CABINET? WELL, THAT'S WHERE DAD KEPT HIS GUN! UNCLE DAN COULDN'T HAVE ENTERED THIS ROOM WITHOUT PASSING THROUGH OUR LIVING ROOM! IF HE HAD, MY FATHER WAS LISTENING TO THE RADIO IN THERE AND WOULD HAVE SEEN HIM! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HERE!

THAT SOUNDS LOGICAL! NEVERTHELESS, I WANT TO DOUBLE CHECK IT! PUT THE GUN EXACTLY WHERE IT USUALLY RESTED! I'M GOING OUTSIDE!

NOW, WE'LL ASSUME THE WINDOW WAS OPEN THAT DAY! I'M UNCLE DAN... I REACH IN THE WINDOW LIKE THIS! I OPEN THE DOOR OF THE CABINET...



...AND I CAN JUST REACH THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN... THAT'S THE ANSWER! NOW IF MY LUCK HOLDS OUT, THERE SHOULD BE ANOTHER SET OF PRINTS ON THIS WINDOW SILL!

I WAS RIGHT! HERE'S ANOTHER SET OF HIS PRINTS—NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I...I DON'T KNOW! WHY WOULD HE DO IT? AND IF HE DID, WHY DIDN'T HE CONFESS TO SAVE DAD?

THIS IS HORRIBLE! IT'S HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THAT UNCLE DAN COULD DO SUCH A DREADFUL THING... AND LET DAD TAKE THE BLAME—DAD'S HIS BEST FRIEND!

MAYBE THAT'S ONLY A POSE! MAYBE HE REALLY HAS SOME REASON TO HATE YOUR FATHER AND WANTED TO FRAME HIM!



FOR INSTANCE, HAS HE ANY INSURANCE ON YOUR FATHER, OR SOME MUTUALLY OWNED STOCK, OR WAS HE EVER IN LOVE WITH YOUR MOTHER? NOW, DON'T LAUGH—WE HAVE TO WEIGH EVERY POSSIBILITY!

HOW DID YOU EVER GUESS? THAT'S A FACT! HE USED TO BE HER BEAU, 'TIL DAD CAME ALONG! BUT GOLLY, THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO! HE AND MOTHER AND DAD USED TO KID ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME! IT WAS SORT OF A STANDING JOKE WITH THEM!

BUT NOW THAT I LOOK AT IT THAT WAY, IT'S NOT SO FUNNY! HE'S NEVER MARRIED, AND I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT HE HAS SEVERAL VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMEN FRIENDS, WHO'D MARRY HIM IN A FLASH, BUT HE'S TURNED 'EM ALL DOWN! I WONDER IF HE REALLY STILL LOVES MY MOTHER?

IF WE CAN PROVE THAT HE DOES, WE'VE GOT OUR MOTIVE! MAYBE WITH YOUR MOTHER'S HELP, WE MIGHT FIND OUT!

SURE, HE'S TOLD ME HE LOVES ME, BUT NEVER SERIOUSLY! WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME IS SHOCKING, IF IT'S TRUE! IT'S UNTHINKABLE THAT HE'D STILL FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT ME! SURE, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE MISTAKEN!

IF DAN IS INNOCENT, HE'LL NEVER NEED TO KNOW OF OUR SUSPICIONS! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY—WHEN HE COMES TONIGHT, I WANT YOU TO WEAR YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE DRESS AND YOUR FAVORITE PERFUME!





MEG! HOW VERY BEAUTIFUL YOU LOOK TONIGHT! IS DIANA HOME?

NO! SHE'S OUT FOR THE EVENING! OH, DAN, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! I SEEM TO NEED YOU AROUND ME! I'VE GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU, BUT PROMISE YOU WON'T HATE ME FOR IT!



THIS MAY SHOCK YOU, BUT IT'S TRUE! I'M THROUGH WITH PHIL...FINISHED! MY LOYALTY HAS WORN THIN! I JUST CAN'T GO ON PRETENDING TO LOVE HIM ANY LONGER, ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED! OH, DEAR, WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN ALL THESE YEARS!



WHEN I THINK OF HOW YOU AND I MIGHT HAVE... BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW!

NO! NO, IT ISN'T!!



I'VE DREAMED OF THIS—WAITED FOR IT ALL THESE YEARS! I'VE NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU—I'VE NEVER FORGIVEN PHIL FOR TAKING YOU FROM ME, BUT I NEVER DREAMED THAT YOU FELT THE SAME WAY! IF I'D ONLY HAVE KNOWN...



IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED SOONER...ER...I MEAN...THIS IS JUST HOW I HOPED IT WOULD WORK OUT! I KNEW IF PHIL WAS OUT OF THE WAY, AND I HAD A CHANCE...

THEN YOU DID DO IT!!



YOU LOW, SPINELESS CRAWLING LEECH I DESPISE YOU!! TO THINK YOU DARED DREAM I'D HAVE YOU! YOU MURDERER!!

YOU...YOU TRICKED ME! YOU WERE LYING!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I DID FRAME PHIL! I SHOT AT THE PLANE, BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT! MAYBE I CAN'T HAVE YOU, BUT NEITHER CAN PHIL! HE'LL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN JAIL! I'LL HAVE THAT REVENGE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MISTER! YOU'VE JUST CONVICTED YOURSELF OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER! EVERY WORD YOU'VE SAID IS RECORDED!



I'M FREE AGAIN! THANKS TO YOU, CRIMEBUSTER!

NOT JUST ME, MR. MCGILL! IT WASN'T UNTIL CRAIG, WHO HAD THE MOST REASON TO HATE YOU, SAID HE DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD LIE ABOUT YOUR GUILT, THAT'S WHEN I BEGAN TO SUSPECT YOUR INNOCENCE!



AS FOR YOU, CRAIG, I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY! I'VE BEEN A STUBBORN OLD FOOL, BUT THAT'S ALL OVER, NOW—THOSE TREES COME DOWN FIRST THING TOMORROW, IF I HAVE TO BLAST THEM OUT MYSELF! AND...WELL, I'D EVEN LIKE SOME FLYING LESSONS, IF YOU'D TEACH AN OLD CODGER LIKE ME!

YOU WHAT?? WHATEVER MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR IDEAS ABOUT FLYING?



CRIMEBUSTER DID! WHEN HE CAME TO VISIT ME IN JAIL, THIS IS WHAT HE BROUGHT ME! IT WAS ALL I HAD TO READ, AND DARNED IF I DIDN'T FIND MYSELF GETTING VERY INTERESTED! AT THE NEXT RTA MEETING, I'LL BE ON YOUR SIDE!

GOLLY!! OH GOSH, MR. MCGILL, THAT'S SWELL!

THE END

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# A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION

## A DAREDEVIL STORY

**D**AREDEVIL dashed along through the woods at a deceptively easy-going pace, tearing off small bits of paper and dropping them along his path. Pee Wee, smallest of the Little Wise Guys, rode high on *Daredevil's* shoulders, grinning in delight.

"Gosh, *Daredevil*, this is a swell game," he grunted, as he bounced with each long stride. "I bet the other Wise Guys are miles behind by now."

"We used to call it Fox and Hounds when I was a boy," answered *Daredevil*. He slowed to a walk and swung Pee Wee to the ground as they broke from the woods into a small pasture behind a well-kept farmhouse. "I don't think Scarecrow, Curly and Jock are exactly miles behind, but I imagine we have about a twenty-minute head start on them. We don't want to get too far ahead, so suppose we go over to that farm and see if we can get a nice cool drink of real spring water?"

As they approached the house, a few chickens scuttled out of the way. A heavy black sedan was parked close to the back door, but there was no visible sign of life.

Pee Wee grinned up at *Daredevil*. "Say, I bet you have more important things to do than spending the day in the country just showing us a good time," he said.

*Daredevil* knocked gently on the wooden door as he answered. "There's not a thing I can think of that's more important than that, Pee Wee."

There was silence for a moment after *Daredevil's* knock, and then a pair of women's high heeled shoes clicked across the floor and stopped just inside the door. "What do you want? Who is it?" The voice from inside was harsh, high-pitched.

Before *Daredevil* could answer, Pee Wee spoke. "We just want a drink of water, lady—can we have one?"

A lock scraped, and the door opened an inch, then swung open and a flashily dressed, very blonde young woman stood peering at Pee Wee.

"Sorry, kid," she said, "I haven't got time for—" She caught sight of *Daredevil* and stopped abruptly.

*Daredevil* smiled. "We won't take a minute," he said. "Pee Wee is pretty thirsty."

The woman stepped back grudgingly. "Okay, come on in," she muttered. "But hurry up. I've been canning grape preserves all day, and I'm tired." She stepped to the stove, her back to

them. A pan of bacon was sizzling in front of her, and on a small table sat an open can of beans, apparently waiting to be warmed. "Water's in that pail on the table," she said.

As they stepped into the kitchen, Pee Wee's eyes lighted up at the sight of a huge pail of milk on the table. Turning an engaging smile on the woman at the stove, he said, "Gosh, lady—could I have some of your fresh milk?"

The woman frowned. "Go ahead—go ahead," she said, annoyance in her voice. "Take anything you want, only hurry up."

Pee Wee eagerly tipped the pail, and raised the glass of milk to his mouth, but at the first swallow, a look of surprise crossed his face. *Daredevil* reached for the glass, and took a sip of the liquid. "Why, this is skim milk," he said, turning to the woman.

Slamming her pan of bacon down in anger, she glared at *Daredevil*. "Skim milk, good milk, what's the difference? I'm going crazy with you two!" She flounced angrily across the kitchen to an inner door. "You two better get out of here before my husband comes in from the barn and sees you," she flung over her shoulder as she disappeared.

*Daredevil* stood thoughtfully looking about him for a moment, and then his eyes narrowed. Crossing the kitchen, he picked a flat, shiny automatic out of a holster hanging near a jacket on the wall. Hefting the gun in his hand, he turned to Pee Wee. "Take a look in there," he said, pointing to the door through which the woman had gone. "See if you can tell where she went, and then look for a telephone."

*Daredevil* was replacing the gun in its sheath, as Pee Wee slipped back into the room. "She went out the front door," he said, "and there's a phone down at the end of the hall."

"Okay, Pee Wee," answered *Daredevil*. "You stay here, and call me if anything happens. I'm going out to the barn for a minute."

The man milking the cow was big. Even hunched down on the milking stool, he was obviously a huge hulk of a man. The woman was standing beside him, and she had evidently told him of their visitors, for as *Daredevil* entered the barn, they were both silently watching the door.

As *Daredevil* stepped around to the left side of the cow, where the man had been milking, no one spoke. The big fellow stared up at

Daredevil coldly, his eyes narrowed against the smoke curling from a cigarette, which hung from his lips.

Daredevil smiled in a friendly fashion. "Before I go, I was wondering if I could arrange to buy some of your hay when you get it cut." He waved his hand at the field just before the barn. He turned to the woman. "What kind is it, ma'am?"

The woman seemed puzzled. "Why, it's— it's—."

"Never mind what kind it is," interrupted the man. "It's not for sale. Now you get off my property!"

"Sorry to have troubled you," answered Daredevil smoothly. "I'll just go up and get the boy, and we'll be gone. Thanks for the water."

A moment later, back in the kitchen, Daredevil stopped just long enough to tell Pee Wee to keep a watch out the back door for the man and woman. "I'm going to use the phone. Let me know if you see them coming," he said.

Pee Wee, his eyes shining with excitement, posted himself just inside the kitchen door, his eyes fastened on the barn. There was no one to be seen, but he could hear the tinkle of the bell as Daredevil cranked the old phone. He strained his ears to hear the conversation, but all that was audible was the mumble of Daredevil's voice. He heard the slight squeak of the floor behind him, too—but too late. Before he could turn, or make a sound a heavy hand clamped tight over his mouth.

Daredevil hung the receiver on its hook, strode down the hall, turned into the kitchen—and stopped on the threshold.

In the middle of the room stood the man from the barn, an ugly smile on his face. In his right hand he gripped the struggling Pee Wee firmly, and in the other hand was the gun which had been on the wall. Behind him stood the woman, nervously watching the door behind them.

Pee Wee managed to free his mouth. "Gee, Daredevil," he stuttered, "he sneaked up on me! He must have come in the window!"

"Never mind, Pee Wee," answered Daredevil. "We'll take care of him." He stared steadily at the man. "I'm warning you, Decker—don't hurt that boy!"

"So you know who I am," sneered the man. "Think you're pretty smart, eh?"

"Yes, I know who you are," answered Daredevil. "And if you've got any sense at all, you'll give me that gun. That was the sheriff on the phone. He told me about the bank robbery you and your girl friend pulled in Leesville yesterday. His description fits you two perfectly. You'll never get away with it, Decker. Hand me that gun!" As he spoke, Daredevil stepped

forward.

The mouth of the gun swung to a position just over Pee Wee's ear. "I got sense enough," rasped Decker. "I'm smart enough to know how much you care for this kid. One more step and I'll blow his brains out!"

Daredevil's face went hard as stone. "I tried to give you a chance to surrender peaceably, Decker—but threatening that boy finished you!" As he spoke, Daredevil walked calmly ahead.

Decker swung the gun towards Daredevil. "You first, then," he snarled, as he pulled the trigger. There was a dry click.

Daredevil stopped, and grinned. "You didn't think I'd trust a fool like you with a loaded gun, did you? I removed the bullets long ago!"

With a snarl of rage, the big man slammed the gun to the floor, pushed Pee Wee roughly aside, and launched himself like a catapult, diving head first at Daredevil.

One of Daredevil's arms flashed out, and the huge bulk stopped in mid-air as if it had hit an iron wall. In a way, it had. Decker's chin had met Daredevil's iron fist, with the inevitable result.

"You see?" Pee Wee addressed the still form on the floor. "If you had any sense, you'd have given us the gun, like Daredevil said."

Moments later, as the roar of a car engine outside heralded the arrival of the sheriff, Daredevil pointed to the terrified woman sobbing at the table.

"But Daredevil, what made you suspect them?" asked Pee Wee.

"Well, it was obvious they weren't farmers," said Daredevil. "Take a look at her first of all. Women don't dress like that on a farm. Besides, the moment she opened the door she seemed so nervous that I knew something was wrong. Then when she let you drink skim milk and I saw that she was cooking canned beans—well, no farmer's wife would feed a boy skim milk and her husband canned beans!"

"After I saw that automatic, I was convinced," Daredevil went on. "So I took a little trip to the barn, where I found a man milking a cow from the wrong side, and smoking a cigarette at the same time, and a supposed farm wife who didn't know alfalfa hay when she saw it. That was enough for me. I phoned the sheriff and there's all there is to it."

He grinned at Pee Wee. "It's time we got going, don't you think? The other fellows should be right on our heels by now. Too bad we were interrupted, but I'll bet if the two of us really try, we can leave the boys way behind."

With a proud grin, Pee Wee glanced at the unconscious hunk on the floor. "Sure we can," he said. "Why, I betcha we can do anything!"

*The End*

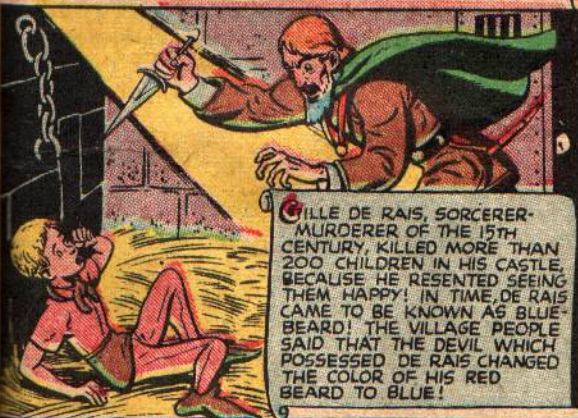
# Famous ECCENTRICS



**LEONE**, A FEMALE ATHENIAN, WAS NOTED IN ATHENS SOCIETY FOR HER LONG TONGUE, WHICH WAS ALWAYS WAGGING! SHE COULD NEVER RESIST THE URGE TO TALK! ONE NIGHT, HOWEVER, SHE OVERHEARD A CONSPIRACY BETWEEN TWO NOBLEMEN, HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITAN. TO PREVENT HERSELF FROM TALKING ABOUT IT, SHE CUT OFF HER TONGUE—AND LEONE NEVER SPOKE AGAIN! A STATUE OF A LIONESS WITHOUT A TONGUE WAS SET UP IN HER HONOR BY HER FELLOW ATHENIANS!



**JOHNNY APPLESEED** IS NOW A LEGENDARY FIGURE IN AMERICAN HISTORY! HIS REAL NAME WAS JOHN CHAPMAN. BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1775, HE DIED AT FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, IN 1847. CHAPMAN IS REMEMBERED FOR A LIFETIME SPENT IN SCATTERING APPLE SEED OVER THE ALLEGHENY VALLEYS AND THE OHIO VALLEYS, A CAREER WHICH EARNED HIM THE NAME OF "JOHNNY APPLESEED"!



**GILLES DE RAIS**, SORCERER-MURDERER OF THE 15TH CENTURY, KILLED MORE THAN 200 CHILDREN IN HIS CASTLE, BECAUSE HE RESENTED SEEING THEM HAPPY! IN TIME, DE RAIS CAME TO BE KNOWN AS BLUE-BEARD! THE VILLAGE PEOPLE SAID THAT THE DEVIL WHICH POSSESSED DE RAIS CHANGED THE COLOR OF HIS RED BEARD TO BLUE!



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DRINKER WAS NORVELLIUS TORQUATUS, A HUMAN TANK FROM MEDIOLANI (NOW MILAN, ITALY). HE COULD DRINK THREE GALLONS OF WINE AT ONE DRAUGHT—WITHOUT TAKING A BREATH! FOR PERFORMING THIS INCREDIBLE FEAT BEFORE EMPEROR TIBERIUS IN ROME, NORVELLIUS WAS GIVEN THE NAME, "TRICONGIUS" MEANING "THREE GALLONS," AND AN ANNUAL GRANT OF WINE FROM THE EMPEROR!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF BOY COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hannah Schreiber, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of BOY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), of the aforesaid publication for the time shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.  
Editor: Charles Biro, 101 E. 74th St., New

York 21, N. Y. Managing Editor: Bob Wood, 400 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y. Business manager: Hannah Schreiber, 238 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y. Leverett S. Gleason, Park Drive, Chappaqua, N. Y., Bella Kimelfeld, 310 W. 72nd St., New York 23, N. Y. Morton Rosenthal, Riverside Memorial Chapel, 76th St. & Amsterdam Ave., New York 23, N. Y. Rosalind Rosenthal, R.D. No. 1, Mr. Kisco, N. Y. Pat Rosenthal, 101 Central Park West, New York 23, N. Y. Ellen J. Rosenthal, 101 Central Park West, New York 23, N. Y. Carol L. Rosenthal, 101 Central Park West, New York 23, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockhold-

ers, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

HANNAH SCHREIBER, Business Mgr.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1947.

(SEAL) MANUEL LIEBLICH  
(My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

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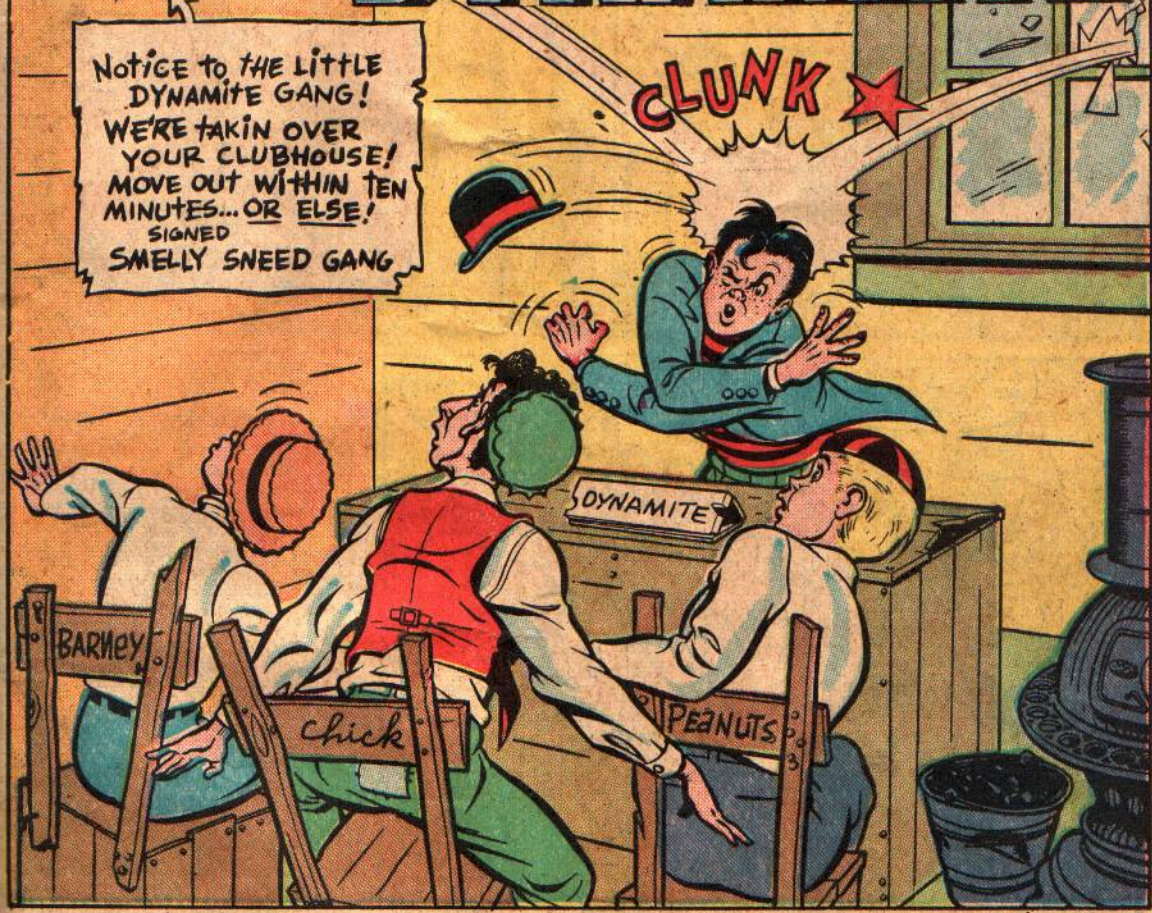
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**LITTLE**

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WE'RE TAKIN OVER YOUR CLUBHOUSE!  
MOVE OUT WITHIN TEN MINUTES...OR ELSE!  
SIGNED  
SMELLY SNEED GANG

**CLUNK** ★



THIS IS WAR, FELLAS! SMELLY SNEED IS OUT OF REFORM SCHOOL AND BACK WITH HIS GANG OF CUT-THROATS!

LET'S SEE THE NOTE, DYNAMITE!



HA, HA, WHAT A LAFF! IMAGINE 'EM TRYIN' TO SCARE US INTO GIVIN' THEM OUR CLUBHOUSE!

OF ALL THE STUPID CRUST!

WELL, GANG, WE CERTAINLY AIN'T TURNIN' OUR PROPERTY OVER TO THEM SKUNKS!



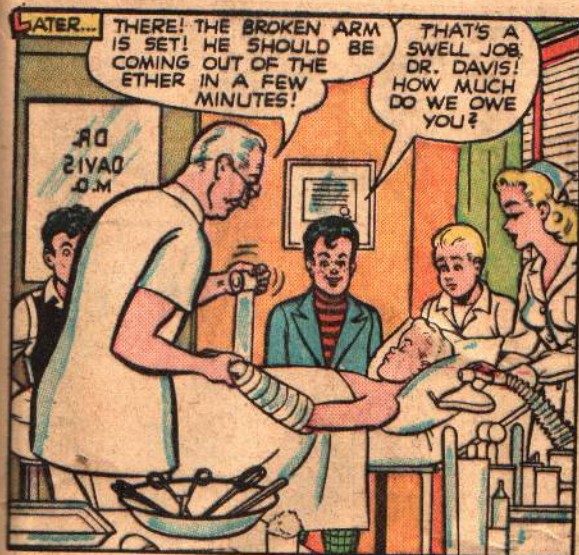
HERE COME TH' BUMS NOW! READY, GANG!

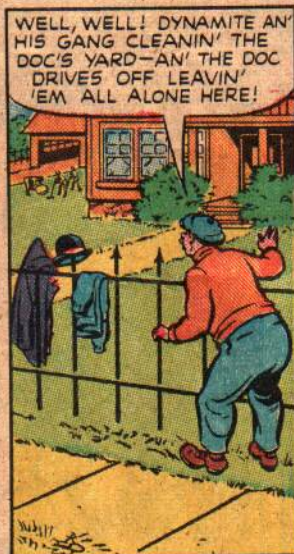
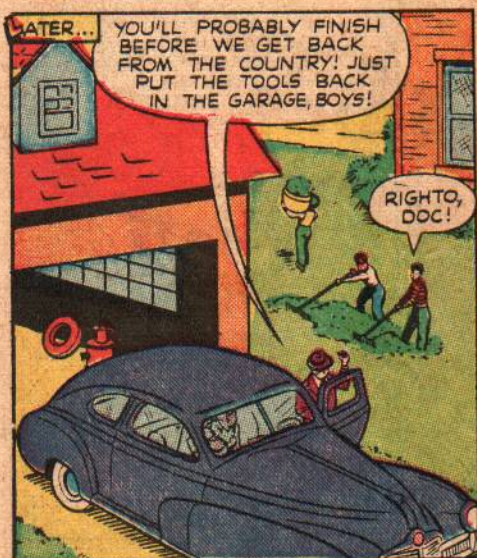
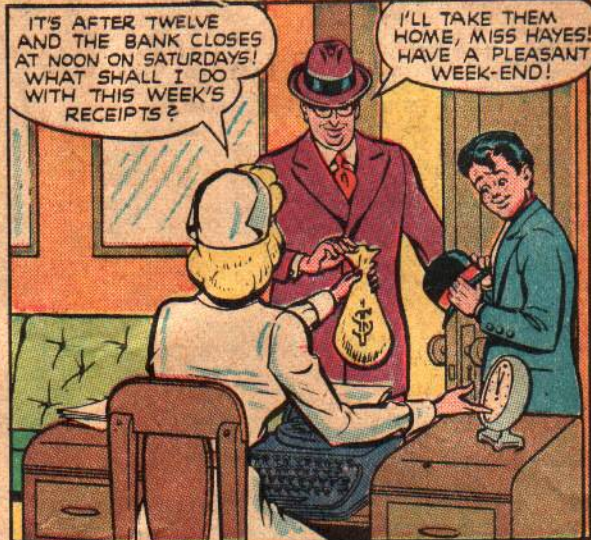
HOLY COW!! THERE'S A MOB OF 'EM!

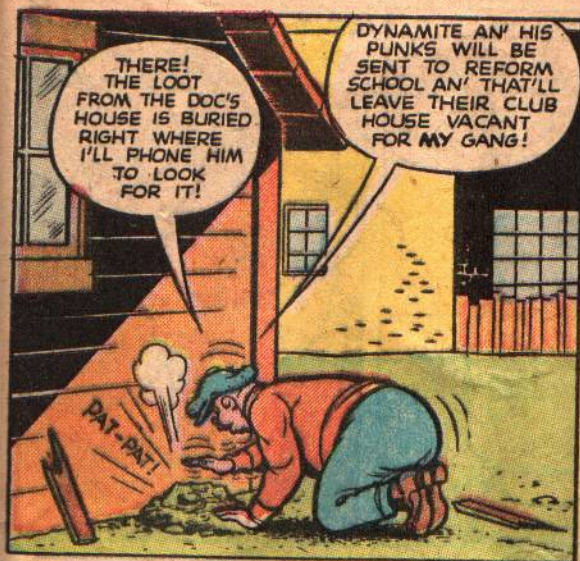
THEY GOT US OUT-NUMBERED ABOUT THREE TO ONE!

NEVER MIND THAT! GET SET FOR 'EM!











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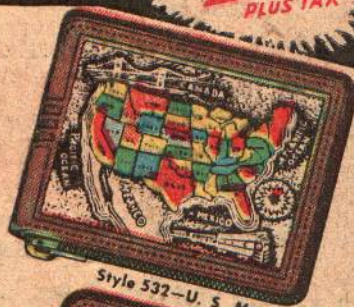
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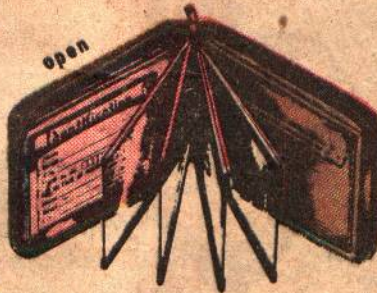
Style 536—Mexican Girl



Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



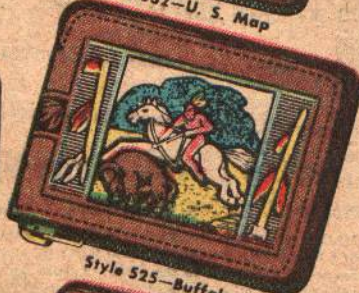
Style 532—U. S. Map



open



Style 549—Sporting Scene



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl



Style 544—Indian Scene

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Says he, "I  
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thing to  
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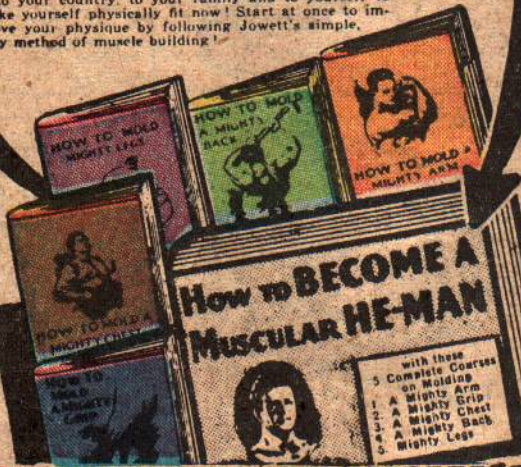
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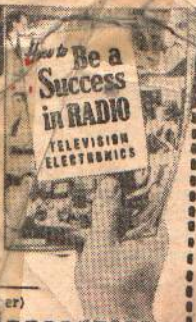
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